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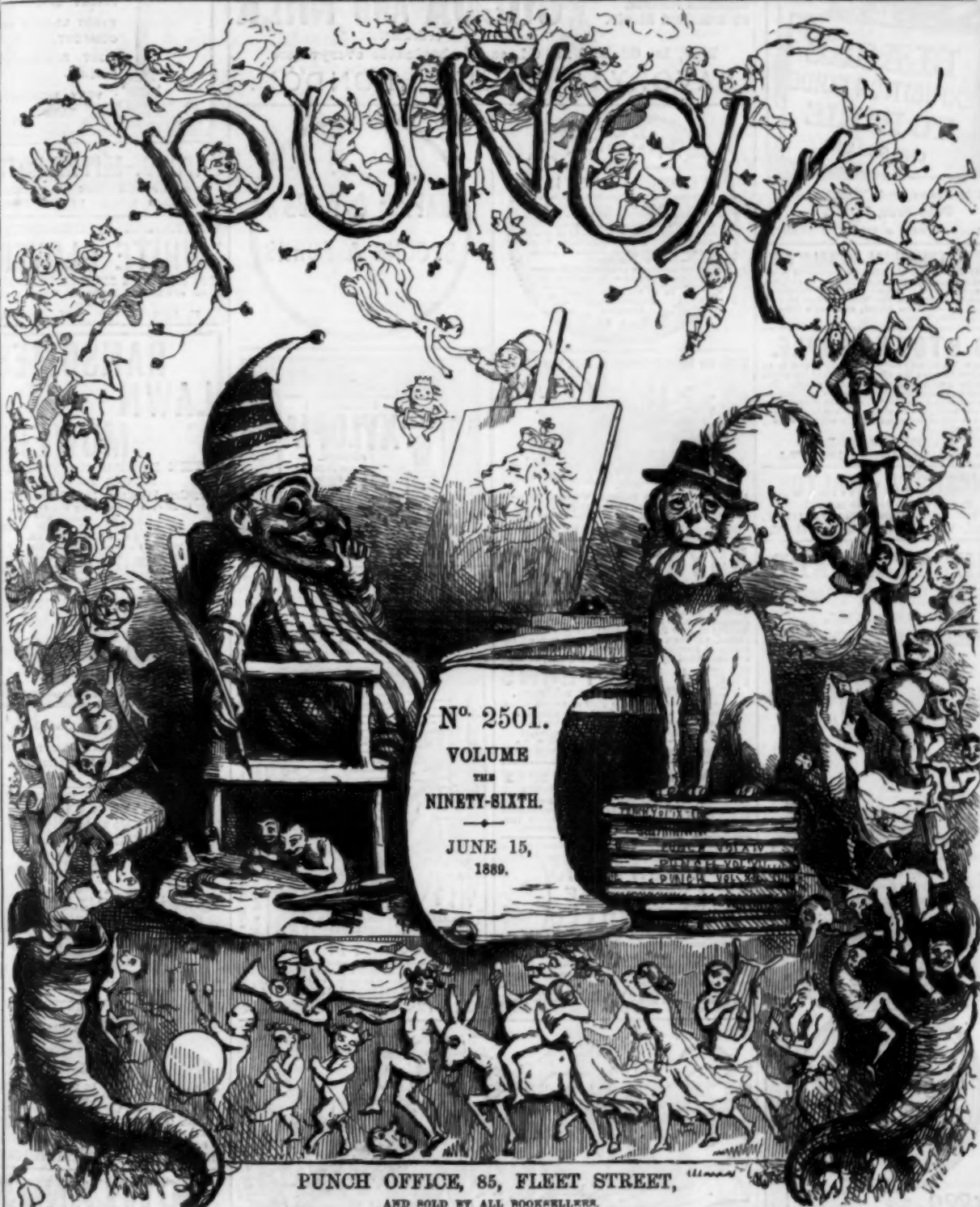
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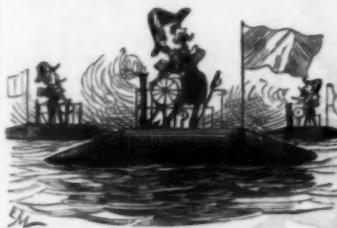
Cools and refreshes the Face during Hot Weather, removes Sunburn, Tan, Freckles, &c., and produces a beautiful and delicate complexion. Ask any Chemist for Rowland's Kalydor. Bottles, 4s. 6d.



## TO CALAIS AND BACK BY PEN AND PENCIL.

MR. PUNCH, THE MOST RESPECTED,

WHEN I told you how I wished to see the beautiful France, to inaugurate the harbour of Calais, you replied, "Do so, BARKINS." When I said I was an exile from a country I love like a mother—



A Menace to "La Perfide Albion."

O my female parent!—that were I to return (to music), I should be arrested, and perhaps (oh, horrible!) be expelled! you suggested, "Then why not go in disguise?" It was a grand idea! I love all that is of the theatre! Still I hesitated! I questioned you once again. "What disguise?" Once more you were ready with an answer "You might go as a Member of the *Punch* Staff." I trembled! How could I undertake such a task—such a responsibility? You continued—"You will find it easy enough—you are already considered comic."

So I started. I was full of amusing anecdotes (ancient and modern), and wore my best smile. We left the Victoria Station at half-past eight—our train carrying a most distinguished freight. There were high Government officials and authors, but, above all, there were those admirable gentlemen, the Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Traffic, and the Secretary of State for London, Chatham, and Dover Affairs. As we passed the various stations, en route, I fancy I noticed the pointsmen tremble with emotion as they recognised us. I motioned to them not to leave their work—to cheer us—as I considered that a display of good-will at such a time, although deeply gratifying, might cause an accident.

On our arrival at Dover, we were conducted, with every sign of rejoicing, to the *Calais-Douvres*. This is the magnificent new steamer of the L. C. & D. R., and worthily replaces its namesake, the wonderful Siamese twin-vessel that, it will be remembered, was always at the service of passengers subject to *mal de mer*—except in rough weather! In rough weather the old *Calais-Douvres* very wisely remained at home. Our voyage was uneventful. Amongst our number on board was a distinguished Member of the House of Peers, who by an oversight had neglected to bring his robes with him (he had even forgotten the box containing his travelling coronet!) and who, consequently elected to keep in the background. I felt, that my countrymen would pardon this noble self-effacement—when they understood that of course Englishmen cannot forget that the loss of Calais caused the gravest regret to an illustrious ancestress of Her present Majesty. The commemoration of the French Revolution should be officially recognised, nor can the cession of Calais by England to France!

As the *Calais-Douvres* reached its destination (in admirable time)



The President Visits the Sight of Waterloo.

my heart increased its pulsations. I nearly fainted with emotion as I noticed there was a new buffet. Would it be safe to land? I would risk it! As the Representative of the noblest form of Literature, I was soon eating and drinking all that was of the best. Fearing to be recognised (although my proceedings did not appear to cause surprise) I returned on board shortly after the *déjeuner*, and awaited the visit of the President. But first, we had a procession. It was led by a dispatch-boat occupied by M. CARNOT, and followed by a

second dispatch-boat, then came some torpedo vessels (representing the French Navy) then sample vessels from the Railway Companies. One of the latter—the *Albert Victor* belonging to the S. E. R.—seemed to me to get out of hand and would stroke the quay with her paddle-box. I could not see those on board, but felt intuitively that this proceeding must have given great delight to Sir EDWARD and his ever genial colleague S' MYLES—I beg pardon, I should say Sir MYLES. As the President passed, there was a little cheering, which sounded to me as if it came from British throats. We watched the procession as it disappeared, and then after an hour's pause we noticed a crowd approaching. It was headed by M. CARNOT. After a careful (and probably exhaustive) inspection of the resources of the new Railway Station, the crowd emerged from a waiting-room, and made for the *Calais-Douvres*. This was the supreme moment of my day! The President (such a President! not even in a cocked hat and on foot!) attended by his Generals (such Generals!—were I at the *Bureau de la Guerre* I would—but stay, I must dissemble), came on board. Sir SYDNEY WATERLOW, the D. C. of the L. C. & D. R., received him. Mr. WILLIAM FORBES bowed. I who speak to you, concealed my face! I smiled grimly as I saw M. CARNOT shudder and grow paler than ever, as he noticed the preparations in some of the cabins for what you call "dirty weather." Ah! this President! he is no sailor! His suite were dressed de *rigueur*—gibus, evening clothes, and an umbrella! He did not recognise me! Then I remembered that I was hidden in the personality of a member of the Staff of *Punch*, and laughed! Who would not laugh at such a sight? The procession—the President, the Generals (such Generals!), the bouquet-bearer (such a bouquet!), the *gentilhomme* in evening dress (such evening dress!)—once more, vanished. I was not known—I was not denounced! I was saved!

In the evening I assisted at the Banquet. It was very good. A dream—not followed by a nightmare! Is there more to tell? No, I think not—save to say that I returned in perfect safety to England. And yet I must add this: In spite of the necessity of concealing my identity; in spite of whatever may have been the blandishments of that grand old *farceur*, Sir WILFRID LAWSON (who was on board the *Calais-Douvres*); in spite of the disappointment of not having the opportunity of choosing a second horse at a circus—I did not return disguised in liquor! Accept my consideration the most distinguished,

THE BRAY GENERAL.

[We are a little surprised at the above communication, as we have no recollection of asking any foreigner to represent us at the inauguration of the Calais Harbour. We were under the impression that the gentleman who accepted the post of "Our Special Commissioner" (and whose handwriting, although rather shaky, strangely resembles that of our unknown Correspondent) was British born. It is right to add that we are told, on what seems to us to be good authority, that this individual did not return by the *Calais-Douvres*. It is said that, having attempted to dance (under the inspiration of the moment) the "Pas de Calais" at the Ball following the Banquet, he was promptly removed, and, through the kindness of the Authorities, he was subsequently provided, free of expense, with an apartment in that well-known hostelry, the *Hôtel de Ville*. We still await from him an explanation of what appears to be a mystery.—ED.]

## STABLE COMPANIONS.

ABROAD AND AT HOME.



THE "OAKS" DAY, JUNE 7, 1889.

## "ARMING THE KNIGHT."

MODERN CIVIC VERSION.

*Mr. Punch loquitur :—*

BRAVO, my LORD MAYOR! It's a singular sight  
Is this same modern version of "Arming the Knight;"  
And JOHN BULL to stomp up must be other than slow,  
If he wants any portion in *Punch's* Bravo!  
A Patriot Volunteer Fund shows the nous and  
Right feeling of WHITEHEAD, and sure Eighty Thousand,  
Or very much more, will be fitly expended  
In helping the lads whom so few have befriended  
Of late. Bless us all! *Mr. Punch* well remembers  
When patriot fire, fresh stirred up from its embers,  
Blazed forth at the thought of Invasion. Heigho!  
Thirty long years ago! Thirty long years ago!

Has it paled back since then to a pitiful splutter?  
The question is one he does *not* like to utter,  
But Middle-class shirking, and Upper-class scorn,  
Which seem to have grown since the Movement was born,  
Official neglect, and the snubbing of snobs,  
The huckstering spirit that haughtily robs  
Our "Citizen Army" of comfort and scope,  
Do stimulate fear, and falsify hope.  
"Dogs of War," *Mr. Punch*, in the year 'Fifty-nine,  
Called the young Volunteers; jolly dogs, who in line  
Would face the "French poodles," then given to snarling.  
The Rifleman then was Society's darling,  
Was petted, and patted, paraded and puffed,  
By swells made a chum of, at Wimbledon stuffed,

At Westminster flattered, and cheered in the City.  
A change has now come o'er the scene; more's the pity!  
The swells have cooled down and the cits have called off,  
And Royal Dukes snub, and press-pessimists scoff;  
And he who JOHN BULL from Conscription's harsh grip  
To save on the cheap—cannot get his equipment! [meant  
Shame, JOHN! Your bad faith has become more than  
Panic.

If your Volunteer guards lack great-coat, mess-tin, tunic.  
Your young "Dogs of War" without war-kits? Absurd!  
If they cannot supply 'em, you should "like a bird."  
Well, here's good Lord Mayor WHITEHEAD now gives  
you the chance!

And you're not the old JOHN if you do not advance  
At the double to back him, and hang the expense!  
For neglecting *this* form of the Nation's Defence,  
The cheapest all round, you can have no excuse.  
It should not have been left to him, but there's small use  
In harping on that, you deserve the same railleury,  
As when for your National Portraits a Gallery  
Had to be furnished by private munificence,  
But that you should open your purse in a jiffy, sense  
Patriotism and pride must dictate,  
And he giveth twice who gives early, not late.  
To arm, or equip, the young Knight of the Rifle,  
Is clearly your duty; 'twill cost but a trifle  
Compared with the sums which you freely disburse  
Every year from your big, almost bottomless purse,  
For what was once called—you remember the day,  
That 'tis equally true at this hour, *Punch* won't say—  
"An army of lions, led on by jackasses."

Volunteering's now shirked by the well-to-do classes;  
They tell us. The asses must go, if they will,  
But the stalwart young lions who stick to it still,  
And are plucky, though poor, must be fitly looked after,  
Or you'll be a butt for the world's scornful laughter.  
One good turn does merit another, that's clear,  
Then volunteer help to the young Volunteer.  
Reciprocity should not be all on one side.  
It is your great privilege—should be your pride—  
Every patriot must pay up, in person or purse;  
If some shirk the former, why so much the worse;  
But let them fulfil the next best form of right,  
And help the LORD MAYOR in "Arming the Knight."

LETTER PERFECT.—In a recent circular petition addressed to the House of Commons, the Royal College of Physicians have pointed out the absolute necessity for Private Asylums, and raised objection to any limit being put to their number. Evidently these distinguished persons are looking forward to the time when every one will be entitled to write after his name either M.D. or M.A.D.



#### THE WAY TO PROLONG LIFE.

Jones, M.P. "MY DEAR FELLOW, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY—PLENTY OF REST. I MAKE IT MY RULE ON OFF-NIGHTS—WEDNESDAYS, SATURDAYS, AND SUNDAYS—TO GO TO BED AT 9.30. OF COURSE ONE MUST ATTEND A FEW DINNERS AND PARTIES, YOU KNOW—BUT THESE ARE EXCEPTIONS."

Smith. "AH, NO WONDER YOU LOOK SO WELL! AND HOW MANY EXCEPTIONS DID YOU MAKE DURING THE SESSION LAST YEAR?"

Jones, M.P. "WELL—A—TAKING A SESSION AT A GOOD SIX MONTHS—THAT IS 182 DAYS—I SHOULD SAY THERE WERE 181 EXCEPTIONS!"

#### WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW. SEVENTEENTH EVENING.

"A Few nights ago," said the Moon, "I was looking down on a French Fair, which was being held outside a small Norman town. It had a very picturesque appearance, with the coloured lamps and gay streamers, and the bustling crowd of pleased and chattering



French people. All the usual sights were there; the Strong Woman, the white-robed Pierrot, blowing his immense trumpet in front of the stage, the Quack Doctor, the Lottery Stall, the Circus, and the Merry-go-round, and I, the Moon, was present at each performance, from beginning to end. But the great attraction seemed to be a Shooting Gallery, around which all the best marksmen were collected, each endeavouring to hit the bull's-eye, though without the least success. If anyone could have managed to hit the exact centre, he would not only be entitled to choose a prize out of a collection of little gilded vases and coloured statuettes, under glass

shades, but a door would have opened, and a small plaster angel, representing Fame, have appeared, holding out a wreath to celebrate so great a triumph. Unfortunately, though all had done their best, no one had succeeded in inducing this angel to show itself, and some

sceptical youths were even growing to disbelieve in its existence. Presently I saw two of your countrymen elbowing through the crowd, with that air of grown-up people at a children's party which you all adopt when you go abroad, and which makes you so popular with foreigners. They came to the Shooting Gallery, and stood watching the efforts of the natives for a while with pitying contempt. Soon a murmur of excitement arose—the English Milords were about to try their skill. Would they succeed where GUSTAVE and JULES and ALPHONSE—who had all served their time in the ranks—had failed? Impossible, since these English, it was well known, were an unmilitary people, for all their arrogance! The taller of the two was shouldering his gun... Would he never have done aiming? Ah! but see—the bell has rung—he has succeeded! And then the crowd uttered a long-drawn exclamation—partly of jealousy, partly of satisfaction—for the angel was no myth after all! Yes, the door at the back opened, just as the proprietor had declared it would, and now a little plaster angel, with very red cheeks, and a trumpet held to its simpering lips, came jerkily out, extended a garland to the fortunate Englishman, and staggered in again, after which the door shut with a snap.

"The victor maintained the phlegm of his nation—he did not seem particularly elated; but the shorter and stouter Englishman whispered in his ear—it was a challenge of skill! Now both took up guns; this time, assuredly, they must fail! But no—the first Englishman fired, and again the bell rang, and again the smiling little plaster image came staggering out of the door; and then—in an instant—before it had time to retreat, the second Englishman, with a really diabolical treachery, raised his gun, and deliberately blew the poor little angel—trumpet, wings, simper and all—into atoms! I thought the crowd would have torn them in pieces, they were so enraged. The proprietor was frantic—he tore his hair, and danced dramatically in his despair, as he pointed to the shattered



remains of the image of Fame. It was detestable, it was ignoble to shoot his angel down like one of their own foxes! It meant ruin to him, for that was the only angel he possessed, and was it probable that JULES and GUSTAVE and ALPHONSE would continue to contend when there was only a pair of feet left to congratulate a victory? The Englishmen remained cool; they threw down a couple of sovereigns on the table, and went off laughing.

"A little later, I saw the proprietor standing alone by his deserted stall. He gazed in the direction of the two Englishmen, whose light suits were still conspicuous in the crowd, and shook his fist with a terrible gesture. 'Perfidious Albion!' he cried, 'nation of insolents! Wait only till we have BOULANGER once more—he shall avenge me this outrage!' And then, still scowling, he bit the pieces of gold to see if they were genuine, and closed his gallery for the evening. I was sorry for him," added the Moon, "and I think that if your two countrymen had been true sportsmen, they would have respected an inoffensive little angel. Still, I hope there will be no war about it."

### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday Night, June 3.*—A great day for the Government. Business advanced by leaps and bounds. ARTHUR BALFOUR almost breathless with bringing in Bills. Had five all in a batch; dealt with Drainage, and Establishment of Light Railways. According to Magna Charta (stipulation also embodied in Bill of Rights, so EDWARD CLARKE tells me), no law would run in Ireland, or indeed elsewhere in the United Kingdom, unless Minister or Member in charge started from Bar of House when bringing it in.

Whole process very funny. Shows with what care Constitution is built up. Here's BALFOUR with his five Bills; moves for leave to introduce them; SPEAKER puts question; no one objects; BALFOUR, springing up from Treasury Bench, walks with long swinging stride towards the doorway; halts at Bar; faces about; SPEAKER, suddenly looking up, quite surprised to find him there, calls him by name; whereupon ARTHUR, blushing like young maiden, taking longer strides than ever, almost tumbling over the obeisance he makes to Chair, advances with piece of paper in hand, which purports to be the Bill. Crowning joke is paper imposture; no Bill at all; only a piece of foolscap, folded lengthwise, indorsed with name of Bill. Clerk at table enters thoroughly into spirit of fun; when ARTHUR, smiling and blushing, brought up his scraps of paper, Clerk, raising his eyebrows with air of surprise as who should say, "Dear me! you don't say so?" read out title of Bill indorsed on back. "Bann Drainage Bill read a First Time."

Nobody did read it first time, for best of all reasons—nothing to read; Everybody made-believe that it was read a First Time, and in to-morrow's official record of business done you'll find "Bann Drainage Bill read a First Time." This done, BALFOUR set off again on fresh expedition to Bar. Brought in in succession the Barrow Drainage Bill, the Shannon Drainage Bill, and the Suck Drainage Bill. Quite breathless when the fourth Bill safely landed. Still one other, the Light Railways Bill. Could he manage this, in addition to other four? He might. Would certainly try; dauntless spirit, and body in fair training with golf. But there was a fatherly eye upon him.



Sir Corry.

JOSEPH GILLIS noted the feverish eye, the parched lips, the panting breast, the trembling limbs. Had many a quarrel with BALFOUR, but not going to see him done in completion of this foolish *tour de force*. The only way to save a valuable life was to interpose with opposition to First Reading of Light Railway Bill. JOSEPH did it. Began by graphically and originally likening the proposed Light Railway to "a red herring drawn across the path." Then went on to describe ratepayers robbed by promotion of existing light railways; drew a fearful picture of speculation and waste of public money, always with fatherly eye on BALFOUR, "watching him," said SIR CORRY, "as a hen watches its favourite chicken." In ten minutes BALFOUR got his wind again, ready for fresh start; seeing which, JOSEPH concluded his objurgations, and BALFOUR, setting off for Bar once more, brought in his fifth Bill.

*Business done.*—Trenorous! Half-a-dozen Bills advanced stage, besides block of Supply.

*Tuesday.*—Wily and wary Old Moralist managed the holiday with his usual tact and skill. Yesterday LYON PLATFAIR wanted to know whether we could not "have off" till Monday week. OLD MORALITY shook his head, a tear glistening in his eye. There was a tone of infinite sympathy in his voice. "No, dear boy," he said, "it cannot be effected. There are few things, compatible with my duty to the House, the Country, and the QUEEN, that would give me greater effulgence of satisfaction than to extend the leisure time of the Commons House of Parliament. But, looking at the state of public business, and having regard to the period of the year at which we have now, however tardily, arrived, I do not see—and I say it with great regret—how we can meet the views of Hon. Gentlemen. We must really return to the scene of our labours on Thursday the 13th of June instant." That seemed to settle it; Motion for Adjournment must be made at Morning Sitting to-day. When House met, OLD MORALITY again approached on interesting subject.

"I am," he said, in reply, "most anxious to meet the views of the House, as far as I possibly can. Any expression of desire on the part of Hon. Members falls upon me as dew upon cultivated soil—that is, as far as is compatible and consistent with my public duty. Why, I may ask, does dew fall more abundantly on cultivated soil than on barren lands? Because cultivated soils, being loose and porous, very freely radiate by night the heat which they absorbed by day; in consequence of which they are much cooled down and plentifully condense the vapour of the passing air into dew. I am, —if I may say so,—loose and porous whenever the dew of the House's desire falls upon me. I think, therefore, that if we are able to take Class II. in Supply, with the exception of the Irish Votes, it will be in the power of the Government to propose an extension of the holidays until Monday week."

That settled it. Class II. rattled through with extraordinary vigour. GEORGE CAMPBELL, concerned for Scotch Votes, lay down in middle of road, and tried to stop onrush. Members ruthlessly trod on his prostrate body.

"More than ever a 'fearful creature,'" said PLUNKET, with his childlike smile.

By Six o'Clock Votes passed, and, amid rapturous cheering, OLD MORALITY, —looser, more porous than ever,—moved that the House, at its rising, adjourn till Monday the 17th.

Prospect of holiday enabled remnant of House to bear with moderate patience debate on Bi-Metallism, raised at Evening Sitting by Squire of BLANKNEY. Having turned his back on Protection, Squire takes up Bi-Metallism with all the vigour of growing youth. Spoke for an hour and forty minutes. SAM SMITH read essay an hour long. JAMES MACLEAN, only man on published list of speakers House desired to hear on subject, delivered one of his practical, unadorned speeches, that go right to the point, a pleasing contrast with surrounding verbiage. OLD MORALITY got his innings at a Quarter to One; filled up space creditably; and at One o'Clock all went home for Whitsuntide. *Business done.*—Adjourned for Holidays.



The Squire of Blankney.

### A STUDY ON THE THAMES.



Lo k-Jaw.

DOWN FROM A BALLOON.—Accidents to parachutes are becoming so numerous that they are scarcely a matter for man's slaughter. A Coroner's Jury, on the contrary, may possibly describe them (to the confusion of those who aid and abet them) as man's slaughter. The subject does not lend itself readily

to humorous treatment, but a fatal fall from the clouds is no joke especially to the faller!

# "MODUS OPERANDI."

(The Covent Garden Government and Her Majesty's Opposition).

Monday, June 3.—Very full house indeed, ready to support an addition to the Cabinet of the Covent Garden Government. Mlle. MARIE VAN ZANDT, having accepted office, appears for the first time



"Evening dress indispensable."

observes in *Sweet Lavender*, and her term of probation is over. No meeting of Her Majesty's Opposition.

Tuesday.—*Aida* again, but with a difference. I was sorry to find Madame SCALCHI out of the cast, although her place was fairly well filled by another. This opinion was shared by a friend, who in recognition of my suggestion (conveyed in good plain English) that *Amneris* was "DE VIGNE" observed "divine—scarcely!" To make up for any shortcomings elsewhere, Madame NORDICA in the title rôle was simply magnificent. She received an ovation, and took her call before the Curtain with graceful gratitude. She was enthusiastically applauded by everyone—even by the orchestra. Nay more, Signor COTOONI (upon whose swarthy shoulder the Indian girl had rested her cheek) bestowed upon her a mark of approbation which proved to demonstration that he was not nearly so black as he was painted. The *finale* of the Triumph Scene was grand in the extreme. There was a volume of sound that led me to believe that even the serpents of the standards (to say nothing of the serpents in the military band) were joining in the chorus. The house was crowded in every part—so full indeed that it was necessary to placard the vestibule with announcements that no admission would be granted to umbrellas. This being the case, sticks appeared before (but not behind) the Curtain. Her Majesty's Opposition wide awake with *La Sonnambula*. The Chorus, who missed their train at Turin, now arrived, and in full force. PACINI (REGINA) the Queen of the evening.

Wednesday.—An extra night (the first of the Season), of extraordinary value. The knotty point of what to play was solved by



The most interesting Page in the *Nozze di Figaro*.

first line to the end of the chapter. Her singing was faultless, and her acting was not only naughty, but more than nice. In the Letter-writing Duet between Madame ALBANI and *Susanna*, Mlle. ELLA RUSSELL gave the most artistic assistance. Until then I had rather regretted the foreign title that had been bestowed in the programme upon this young lady of Anglo-Saxon birth. However, I was thoroughly satisfied, as she took an *encore* with her distinguished colleague, that it would have been a matter of universal regret if she had been Missed. DAN D'ARDI MAJOR, very good as the Count. More at his ease, I fancy, than in the elderly *Germon* of the *Traviata*. Striking a balance, I certainly prefer him in the *Nozze*. But, after all, it is obviously merely a matter

of account. Signor COTOONI, a first-rate London representative of the *Figaro*, better even than that amiable lover of all that is English—M. JOHNSON—engaged in another place. All in all, the performance of "everyone concerned" may prove to be the most artistically successful of the season. DRUMOLANUS, with all the resources at his command (inclusive of the suggestions of his Committee), I imagine will find it extremely difficult to beat this record. Her Majesty's Opposition quite silent—in the other House.

Thursday.—*Rigoletto* at Covent Garden with an excellent caste. Madame MELBA, who has won golden opinions in Australia (as she has assumed a *nom de théâtre*, why did she not, as a British Colonial, call herself Melbourne?), appropriately brightened up the Opera as a *Gilda*. Madame SCALCHI returned to us as *Maddalena*. She filled the part to admiration, but as she appeared neither insane nor attenuated, the name was misleading. By the way, as Monsieur LASSALLE sang in French, why did not Mrs. MELBOURNE—I beg pardon, Madame MELBA—warble in English? Art has no nationality, and half-a-dozen languages sung together at one and the same time would out-Ollendorff OLLENDORFF. Be this as it may, Monsieur could not have been better—his *Rigoletto* was in every sense a great performance—not a thin note in it. However, this did not cause surprise to the professional actors present, who declared the part technically to be "full of fat." Another Monsieur (one MONTARIOL of that ilk) was anything but bad as *Il Duca*; on the contrary, he played and looked very well indeed. I fancy from this gentleman's performance that the Italian noble must have been accustomed to the *Cafés* on the *Boulevards*. He was quite the *petit crève* of the last Empire! The house was full, and yet there was room for plenty of enthusiasm. Her Majesty's Opposition (to the accompaniment of a real thunderstorm) introduced Mlle. GARGANO as *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

Friday.—As someone is reported to have said at Epsom (late in the evening), "a Faust-rate Opera at Covent Garden." Someone did not turn up subsequently, and if he had, he would probably have



Rival attractions at Epsom and Covent Garden. Our Artist (who dined rather late on the Oaks Day) sends an "Impressionist Study."

found no room, as the house was crammed from floor to ceiling. Before the Curtain rose there was some anxiety felt lest the company should be detained at the Oaks. But the fear was happily unfounded, as Mesdames NORDICA and SCALCHI, Messieurs LASSALLE and DE RESZKE, to say nothing of Signor TALAZAC, were in their places at the appointed hour. Again a night of triumph. Monsieur LASSALLE, as *Mephistopheles*, greatly to be preferred to Signor CASTELMARY, who, after all, was rather a poor devil of a fiend. No sitting in the House of Her Majesty's Opposition.

Saturday.—At Covent Garden, a glorious *finale* to a glorious week. *Lohengrin*, with ALBANI in the title rôle! Signor BARTONI MACARONI GUCCINI still absent, so his place occupied by Monsieur HERR JEAN DE RESZKE, Esq. The "Song of the Swan" was sung in a style that banished the thought of its ever being accompanied by the voice of the goose. Madame ALBANI in wonderful voice—*Elsa* to the life and death. The MADI also well to the front, ever ready to come up smiling—or, rather, frowning. Altogether a splendid performance. *Ave*, AUGUSTUS DRUMOLANUS, *Ave*!

By Her Majesty's Opposition, in place of *Lucia*, which had been announced, the well-worn *La Sonnambula* was played in the well-worn way, with the usual doll's bedstead and toy water-mill, a somewhat throaty *Rodolfo* (Signor DARVALL), and an *Eltino* (Signor VICINI) who sang forcibly, though now and then just a little flat. But Mlle. REGINA PACINI, as *Amina*, was very well received, and deserved her reception. Her voice, which has, perhaps, hardly attained its full maturity, is very pure and sweet, and in the last Act especially she sang exquisitely, and fairly held a not too crowded house. *Vivat REGINA*!





THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.  
OUR SEMI-DETACHED NEIGHBOURS.

*Grace.* "AND YET, DEAR, HOW LITTLE WE HAVE SEEN OF EACH OTHER LATELY—CONSIDERING THERE IS ONLY A PARTITION-WALL BETWEEN US!" *Emily.* "BUT THEN, DEAR, IT IS SUCH A COMFORT TO FEEL THAT YOU ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE!"

"WESTWARD HO!"

AN IDYLIC FRAGMENT.

*King Arthur* . . . *Mr. GL-DST-NE.*  
*Sir Bedivere* . . . *SIR W. H-RC-RT.*

FOR on their march to Westward, BEDIVERE,  
Who in the Forest New was Arthur's host,  
At Malwood heard the mutterings of the  
King:—

"I find it in the records of the polls,  
I find it in the flowing of the tide,  
But in the West, always, I find it not.  
And so I'm going to pass my holiday  
In holding forth to gathered Cornishmen.  
B-L-F-R, the Tories' new divinity,  
Still wages war in the sad Emerald Isle.  
O me! For why is all around us there  
As if some lesser god had made the place,  
And had not force to shape it as he would.  
Till my Home Rule, high scheme, whereof  
I'm fond,  
Shall enter it, and make it beautiful?  
A plan, if faint-defined, yet wholly fair,  
But that the eyes of men are dense and dim,  
And have not power to see it as it is!  
By heaven, but they *shall* see it ere I close!  
For I, being simple, thought to work my will,  
And yet have lifted the new flag in vain;  
For much whereon I leaned in flock and friend  
Is traitor to my rule, and half my realm  
Reels back to Tory ways, and is no more;  
Nay, some there be who reckon on my death:  
But I'll astonish them before I die."

This heard the bold Sir BEDIVERE, and spake:  
"O me, my King, let pass whoever will,

JOK, and that sullen patron of the Turf;  
But I will stick to thee like death, and cling  
Until we win back place; the golden cloud  
Of thy free eloquence shall whelm men's minds  
As ever. Nay, as yet thou shalt not pass.  
And care not thou for Whitsun rest, but rise—  
I hear the steps of MODRED in the West,  
And with him many of thy people, and knights  
Once thine, whom thou hast led, but grosser  
grown

Than Tories, spitting at their vows and thee.  
Right well in heart they know thee for the  
King,

Arise; go forth, and conquer as of old."

Then spake King ARTHUR to Sir BEDIVERE:—  
"Far other is this battle in the West

Whereto we move, than when we strove in  
youth,

Or brake 'cute DIZZY's bands, or fought with  
Rome,

Or thrust the Tory from Midlothian's heart,  
And shook him thro' the North. Ill fate is  
mine

To war against my people and my knights:  
The king who fights his people fights himself.  
And they, my knights, who loved me once,  
the stroke

That strikes at them is as a blow to me.  
Yet let us hence, and feel or find a way  
Through this blind haze, which ever since I  
saw

Power lying at the feet of SALISBURY,  
Hath blurred the passes of the Party World."

So said the tireless chief, and forward fared  
To waging wordy warfare in the West;  
Wild work to fill a Whitsun holiday!

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE—UP TO DATE.

It is satisfactory to know that affairs are looking up at Portsmouth, and that it is now believed that the Authorities will be in a position to cope with the difficulty occasioned by the deficiency of big guns by the date of the approaching Naval Review.

H.M. Ironclad *Blunderer* will, it is said, be sure to have one of her four promised guns on board in time, while one other will be borrowed for the occasion from the *Jackass*, and the remaining two supplied from the reserve of condemned ordnance of an extinct type, of which a large store is always kept in hand, with a view to possible emergencies.

There is also said to be some makeshift in contemplation for the proper supply for H.M.S. *Megatherium*, and the belted cruiser, *Four-poster*; but it is supposed that this deficiency will be met by requisitioning the services of both the guns on the Parade at the back of the Horse Guards, the one on the Fort at Margate, and several others hired from the proprietors of Rosherville Gardens.

As there is no ammunition available for any of the above, they will not be of much practical use for firing purposes; yet the fact that they are forthcoming at all, must be regarded as a favourable sign by all who have been hitherto disposed to criticise severely the tardiness of the Authorities. Anyhow, it may be gathered, as Mr. STANHOPE confided to the House of Commons, when he last addressed it on this question, that "those who are responsible" are evidently grappling with it with much vigour and originality.





"WESTWARD HO!" OR, HIS LITTLE HOLIDAY.





## PUCK AMONG THE PICTURES.



WHEN Puck takes the pencil his fancies to limn,  
With the spirit of humour, the impulse of whim,  
Art, masking as Momus, illumines with mirth,  
The follies and frauds of our dull-driven earth.  
In a world so beset by the base and impure,  
There is plenty of office for Caricature;  
And when TITIAN and TURNER have played out their part,  
There is still a wide sphere left for Humorous Art.  
He who'd gather its view of the vicious and silly,  
Should visit the Institute's halls, Piccadilly.  
From HOGARTH to FURNISS! A fairly wide stretch  
For the lords of broad fun and satirical sketch.  
Not too well selected, scarce neatly arranged;  
Much might be omitted, and some things be changed.  
But he who would study, what few understand,  
British Caricature in the mass, at first hand,  
Might well do much worse than betake him (as *we* go)  
To view the collection of HORROCK and GARRO.  
Thirteen hundred odd pictures, from canvas wide-spread,  
To "postage-stamp" sketch, somewhat muddle the head.  
He who pores for some hours, in hot thundery weather,  
At "Cartoons" and "thumb-nails," all huddled together,  
In fashion suggestive of hurry, may find  
More of fog than fine judgment possessing his mind.  
There is hardly a thing that depression provokes  
Much more than a motley "collection" of jokes,  
Whether merely Joe Millers or truly wit-litten ones.  
Pictorial skits are in this much like written ones.  
The mind, like the stomach's not boundlessly peptic  
Of pungencies; showmen should be more eclectic.  
But here's a broadly humorous, human HOGARTH,  
Who knows man all round from the hulks to the hearth;  
Strong, various, vivid, whose brush is a flail,  
Whose eye misses nothing, whose wit cannot fail.  
Here's ROWLANDSON, rioting wild with sheer force,  
Ferocious in satire, in comedy coarse,  
But masterly; touched too not seldom with grace,  
In a broad rustic scene, or a fair female face,  
That pencils more finical fail to attain.  
Here's GILLRAY, his fellow in brush-power and brain.  
The great Dioscuri of Satire in Art.  
Comes CRUIKSHANK the fertile, and honest of heart,  
Humane, inexhaustible, grimly grotesque,  
With the spirit of tragedy blent with burlesque.

Comes SEYMOUR's keen eye for the humours of sport;  
And dear "DICKY" DOYLE's dainty fun, of a sort  
*Sui generis*, genial, graceful, and quaint.  
Here's "PHIZ," still delightful, with pencil or paint,  
Spite of fluent convention; 'tis hard, that is pos,  
To criticise closely that colleague of "Box,"  
Who first made his characters live in our eyes;  
Though BARNARD, whose art with late knowledge is wise,  
And delicate GREEN, with broad BROWNE here compete.  
And then, with a world of his own fresh and sweet,  
Free and broad as the fair English landscapes he drew  
With felicitous ease, and with touches so true,  
Or the fair English faces, with cheeks of the peach,  
He limned and loved well, unforgettable LEECH,  
Punch's genial JOHN, in the streets, in the fields,  
At home almost equally; hardly he yields  
In sheer strength to the elders of Humorous Art;  
Whilst in grace and good taste he still plays his own part  
Unapproached. None too well on these thick-covered walls  
Represented is he. RANDOLPH CALDECOTT thralls  
Every eye with that blending of humour and grace,  
For which who will fill his too soon voided place?  
Then TENNIEL, the classic, whose art's fine address  
Gives us never a line or a touch in excess;  
Du MAURIER, the black-and-white THACKERAY; KEENE  
Of the pencil miraculous; his art is seen  
Not with insular optics alone as superb.  
Then SAMBOURNE the subtle, whose fancy to curb,  
Dulness vainly might try; fertile FURNISS, whose fire  
Of invention and humour no labours can tire.  
Brisk BRYAN, and whimsical SULLIVAN next,  
And BAITEZ with talent too fine for his text.  
These and others all crowd on these walls. Well, to PUCK,  
In the rôle of an artist, Punch wishes good luck.  
The Art that shoots Folly, with fun, as she flies,  
And hammers old Humbug, and lashes new lies,  
Is a wholesome delight, and a chastening scourge.  
So, spite of some drawbacks and faults, Punch would urge  
His readers towards Piccadilly to start,  
For Sir JAMES's new Show—English Humorous Art.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IMPROMPTU DENTISTRY.—We can well understand your desire, if possible, to carry on at once without a day's delay, the nice little Provincial Dentist's Practice that has just come to you through the will of the second cousin you mention, and you have no doubt, seeing that you know nothing of the business, acted wisely in having immediately commenced practising extraction by taking up all the nails in the stair-carpet as soon as you received the Solicitor's letter intimating to you your good fortune. No doubt your having had some experience in driving a four-horse coach might, as you suggest, warrant you in the belief that you would soon be able to command a good "grip" of the instrument, when once you had got it into the patient's mouth, but we cannot, at the moment, call to mind any thoroughly recognised Institution that, taking this circumstance into consideration, would be likely to hurry an urgent applicant through all the required courses, and grant him his diploma forthwith. Doubtless, though, several such exist. Perhaps your best way would be, after all, to take the bull by the horns, and boldly throw yourself into the work, and see what you can make of it. You might at first secure the assistance and co-operation of the local Chemist's boy, who, you will probably find, has already had a large experience in the matter of extraction. Between you, you ought to be able, at least for a short time, so to conduct matters as not to seriously scare and diminish your *clientèle*. Of course, some disagreeable *contretemps* may happen. You may break a jaw or two; and this will be awkward. But don't let any prospect of this kind dishearten you. We think your idea of "payment by results,"—namely, that you should charge your patients only a shilling, if you succeeded in getting the top of a tooth off, half-a-crown if you managed to get half of it out, and five shillings if you conducted the operation satisfactorily, and extracted the whole tooth entirely,—a little risky. There is novelty about it, and old-fashioned patients are, therefore, likely to look at it with considerable distrust. You are right in asking why one should not as easily become a dentist as a gardener, for all that is wanted is a facility for successful "tugging." We shall be interested in hearing how you have grappled with and met the few initiatory difficulties that appear likely to beset you in this rather hastily-adopted new calling.

AN UNFORTUNATE ATTACHMENT.—That of Captain Woodward's, at the instance of Mr. Justice MANISTY, after consultation with Mr. Justice MATHEW.



## EVICTION.

Visitor. "OOPH!—WHAT BEASTLY TOBACCO ARE YOU—"

Host. "YE, I KNOW. SHUT THE DOOR! SOME AFRICAN CIGARETTES I KEEP ON PURPOSE—FOR MY MOTHER-IN-LAW. D'RECTLY I LIGHT UP, SHE'S OFF! OPEN THE WINDOW FOR A BIT, AND TAKE A WEED!"

## PATRIOTISM À LA MODE.

I'm a Patriot! No chap can be worth a single rap  
Who doesn't love his native land with passion.  
Yet stay, though, let me see! Humph! how awkward it  
If patriotism were the general fashion! [might be  
Were there patriots all round it would greatly disconcert you  
When you want for your own land all power and pelf.  
No; I see that I must have the monopoly of this virtue,  
And no one must be a patriot save myself!

## LORD DUFFERING AT THE MANSHUN HOUSE.

EVER since the time as I gave my raythur largish order for Coles to my lordly Cole Merchant, the most Honnerabel the Markis of Londonderry—which it was just this time last year, and werry decent sort of Coles they was too, fairly nubbly, and werry respectable for size and with a hutter habesence of slates—I have bin possesst of quite a longing desire to see, with my own astonished eyes, what partickler sort of pusson, to look at, a Most Honnerabel Markis could be. I'm told as there ain't no other kind or sort of Nobbleum, or of any other descripahun of humane beings, as is intitled to be called a Most Honnerabel One, xcept a Markis, and so I was only too glad of my hoppersuntity, last Wensday as ever was, to have the honner of waiting at the honnerd Manshun House upon the Most Honnerabel the Markis of DUFFERING.

I don't think as DUFFERING is quite xactly the werry name as I shoold have selected, if as how Her Most Grayshus Majesty had asked me for to be a Most Honnerabel Markis, but as that isn't werry likely to occur, I needn't trubbel myself about it jest now, and as I am told as how as the Most Honnerabel Markis chose his name when he was over in Ingy, why praps a Duffer may have a diffrent meaning over there to what it has over here, speshally among us Waiters.

I wonders what line of bizzness as the new Markis will go into? BROWN tells me as the Rite Honerabel the Erl of SHREWSBURY has gone into the Cab line, but I carnt allus beleeve BROWN. Besides, after all, what's a mere Rite Honnerabel, as cumpared with a Most

Honnerabel? If I mite venture humbly to surgest, I shoold think as a Itallyan Warehouse woodn't be a bad idear, as his Lordship woud find his thoro nollodge of Ingian Pickles, and Piccadilly Sauce, and all kinds of Currys, woud be of the werry greatest use to him in that rayther genteel perfession.

I may as well menshun it, as he might be a wondering why it didn't come, that I haven't sent my most Honnerabel Cole Merchant another order just yet, as I hear that he's away at his Carseel at Dublin, so coudn't in course give his own pussional attention to it, as he ewidently did afore, as he told me as he employed no agents. I hopes and trusts as his pore Carman didn't git into trubbel for his bad spellin, but reelly "Pade," for a receet, was a little too bad from a Most Honnerabel Markis's hofishal.

I've bin told by a Irish M.P., so in course it must be trew, that when his Most Honnerabel Lordship is jest a leetle trubbled with affairs of State, such as marching at the head of his Troops a collect-ing of the Landlords' rents for 'em, that he goes off, after it's all over, to a place called Punch's Town, of all names in the world, and then has quite a jolly day's racing; and, if he has a run of bad luck, he just sells a few thousand Tuns of his best Wall Send Coles, and that puts him all strait again. I allus understood as the reel Mr. Punch was ennomusly rich, but I never thort as he had a hole town all to hisself.

I begins to find as I'm rayther a wandering away from my horiginal hintenshun, which it was to discribe Wednesday's percesed-ings; but there wasn't much of a werry uncommon natur to discribe, so I dessay I shall be reuxed.

The new Markis is a nice quiet-looking Gent, a good deal like BROWN, who amost blusht wen I told him so, and speaks bewtiful, amost as well indeed as the LORD MAREE hisself. He told us a good deal about Ingy that ewen I had newer heard on afore; but he was rayther a long time about it, which is allers a great mistake, ewen in a Most Honnerabel Markis, as the other speakers, as is to be, naterally don't like to be kep waiting, and to see quite a rush out when the great man has quite finished. The CHANCESELLER of the XCHEQUER, speshally, looked quite savage at having to speak to a arf emty All. I heard sum grate Swell say as the Markis had haddad





### THE PAUL PRY OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

Mr. Rosebery. "NOW THEN, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! WE DON'T WANT ANY PAUL PRYS IN THE COUNCIL!"

a bit to the Indian Empire almost as big as all England! But people will exaggerate so! His manly buzzom was almost covered with stars and garters which he had gained, I suppose, on many a field of slaughter. We was told as he had seen service in four of the Quarters of the World, which even a poor Waiter must be aware must needs be about all of 'em, unless, indeed, the World's like a orange, and has quite a lot of quarters, which isn't not werry likely, I shood think.

Taking it all together it was about the most splendidest looking Bankwet as ewen we Waiters had ewer seen at the Manahun House, and we all agreed with the werry heminent Reporter as said as it

had hachally beaten the Record! Strange to say, sum of the most magnificentest of the many werry magnificent dressed of the Injean Officers was quite at a loss when they cum to the Loving Cup sherry-monial. But that's a little mistery as it takes sum time to learn. Ah, if they cood jest see Brown and Me go thro' it with what's left in the Cups, they woud see what dignerty and grace and horthy demeaner belongs to it when properly done. I thinks, upon the hole, that "Our Only General" goes through the sherrymony about as well as any one I knows, and I feels quite sure as he'll thoro'ly apresheate my truthful complement.

ROBERT.



## PLEASURES OF THE WHITSUNTIDE VACATION.

(Fancy Portraits of Two Q.C.'s, and an Amicus Curiae—a Recollection of a Sitting on a "Celebrated Case.")

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Pocket Atlas and Guide to Paris is a useful little work for the Tourist, appropriately published by WALKER & Co.; but I



doubt whether the Paris - Diamant, one of the collection des Guides-Joanne, has ever been beaten. It was published years ago at HACHETTE's, and for maps and information generally (I suppose it has been brought up to the time of day) it was, and now ought to be, the best of all Guides—quite a maximum in minimo.

Dickens's Dickensianaries of London for 1889 are now out. Very useful to Country Cousins and to "Water Babies," which reminds me that Messrs. MACMILLAN have just re-issued CHARLES KINGSLEY's charming work, with "our Mr. SAMBOURNE's" charming illustrations.

My faithful Co. says:—"The Fatal Phryne is a not very pleasant novel by a couple of authors—Messrs. WILLS and PHILIPS—who hitherto working on their own separate accounts, have now combined forces to work together. Such a number of stories are published nowadays that it is difficult to remember details; but, so far as I recollect, As in a Looking-glass was written by one of these gentlemen, and a reference to the title-page has confirmed my impression—it there appears under his name. Mr. PHILIPS seems to write in collaboration with another with as much facility as he exhibited when trusting entirely to his own resources. The plot is rather suggestive of that now half-forgotten cause célèbre once known as 'The Pimlico Mystery.' Again, admirers of the works of Mr. WILKIE COLLINS may pos-

sibly, on reading the new novel, faintly call to mind an incident in Poor Miss Finch. Briefly, a husband much the senior of his wife does not discourage the idea in his own mind that some day an artistic friend of his may become his successor—the date, of course, to be no earlier than his wife becoming a widow. The artist friend unfortunately falls in love with the wife prematurely, and the husband (a doctor), growing jealous, uses his medical knowledge to spoil his beauty. On learning (at the end of the book) in spite of appearances, that his wife has been really true to him, the Doctor is so overcome with emotion that he dies, leaving his widow to marry, if she pleases, what remains of the man he has hitherto believed to be his favoured rival. The Fatal Phryne," concludes my faithful Co., "has one great merit—it is in two volumes, and not in three."

Our Celebrities this month is full of excellencies. M. WALERY gives us the portraits of three Ambassadors—the French, the German, and the Russian. Excellent Excellencies. M. WADDINGTON looks bull-doggedly English; Count HATZFELDT, bare and bald-headed, he might have had on one of his "felt hats," from which, of course, he derives his title,—is uncommonly like a Heathen Chinese with Christianized moustache; and M. DE STAAL bears a handsome and polished resemblance to the late Professor DARWIN. All life-like; and, indeed, M. WALERY's photographic portraits, outside this particular Café des Ambassadeurs, strike me as equal to the best, and superior to most, I have met with. The other day I saw one of his reproduced in colour. The effect was that of a highly-finished miniature, and I am informed that the tints will stand the ravages of time as well as a modern portrait in oils. By the way—Happy Thought—why should a severe-looking person go to an artist in oils—say, Sir JOHN MILLAIS or Professor HERKOMER—for his portrait? Because

the use of oil is "to make him of a cheerful countenance." Revenons à notre revue de la Galerie-Walery—not "greenery-yallery"—and finish by saying of the descriptive letterpress that LOUIS ENGEL, the Musical Monographist, is, as usual, the accompanist of these celebrities, and gives us full and clear notes in his own peculiar allegro style. If I rightly remember, this is the first number without a lady in it. Cherchez la femme in vain. Yet it isn't often that she is nowhere among diplomatists. Perhaps, after these three Excellencies, male, the Walery-Gallery will give us three Perfections, female; or, three Duchesses as the Three Graces. The Recording ENGEL must certainly discover some trio to equal the three Excellencies which have so delighted the heart of

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

## THE LITERARY LADIES' DINNER.

[A Dinner, at which Literary Ladies only were present, was recently given at Messrs. SPIERS AND POND's Criterion Restaurant.]

THEY, greatly daring, met to dine.  
These Ladies, writing thrilling fiction;  
And o'er the olives and the wine  
Were doubtless "Ouidaliques" in diction.  
Some twenty Ladies  
Went one Friday night, and  
much enjoyed  
their dinner;  
A smart symposium  
at the "Cri,"  
And, save the  
waiters, no male  
sinner.



"A young Greek goddess," too, was there,  
Escaped from high Olympian duty,  
Another, with Junonian air,  
A delicate dark-featured beauty.  
A poetess, in gold brocade,  
Who murmured triplets and sonnets;  
And many spinsters, every maid  
Was quite above the thought of bonnets.  
They talked of pictures and of books,  
And subjects argument inviting;  
They interchanged the sweetest looks,  
And each one puffed the other's writing.  
And silver laughter filled the room,  
At jokes, the subjects are not stated;  
But publishers were left to doom,  
And Paternoster Row was "alated."

At last, O tell it not in Gath!  
A lady, hailed as benefactress,  
Did not disdain Nicotian path  
Of dalliance with the weed: an actress  
Produced a case of cigarettes,  
And then, O theme for scurrile joking!  
These attitudinising pets  
Of railway bookstalls, took to smoking.  
Uprose then Mrs. MONA CAIRD,  
With soul superior to garters,  
And in sarcastic speech she dared  
To give as toast, "The Married Martyrs."  
Perchance some spinsters there who heard,  
Would think they'd often wondered why  
Did not propose: and how absurd  
It was, a wife should scoff at Hymen.  
Ah! Literary Ladies, you,  
Who are not prudish or pedantic,  
If all these foolish tales be true  
About each gastronomic antic,  
Think on the Laureate's lines, and scan  
His "Queen of Farce," so sagely silly;  
Woman's "not undeveloped man."  
Although she dines in Piccadilly.

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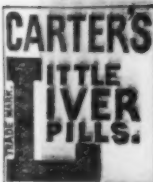


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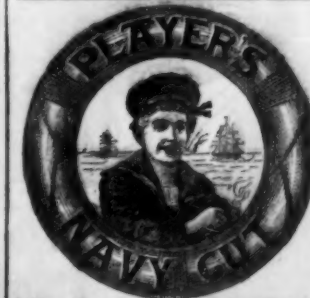
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